

## Storm Time

And now, getting on toward storm time,  
The afternoon goes bloodless, white.  
The fever, fire in the brain,  
The wheeling dream, slicing light  
Fade, and all is quiet, sane.

This, we pray, is the way with age.  
Thunder is young, but cold rain  
Penetrates the old bone,  
Nightmare never vexes sleep,  
And the dream is deep, deep.

-- William E. Taylor

DeLand, Florida

**tide, tears; and**  
    stars in the black heeled sky.  
an empty surf whispers at an empty beach  
        and echoes in three short waves its  
  yesterday.  
even the moon reflects one tomorrow only  
        its monster head pale white.

    a lone whimper of land --  
weak, broken finger in the acid sea  
  lies immovable,  
        yet dies grain by grain,  
powerless to the softest wave.

gull-cry  
    morning rain  
one cloud moves its sated head  
        and  
        drops

-- J. Robbins Peterson

Mansfield Center, Conn.